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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Three — Richmond, California, Friday, August 30, 1935 — Number Twenty-Nine

El Cerrito Leads in Charter Fight

America "Calls" U. S. S. R.

Stern Note Sent by Ambassador Demands Action on Congress Of Communists Tactics

Most important news of the week, to our way of thinking, was the curt note of William C. Bullitt, U. S. Ambassador to Russia, in which he demanded that the Soviet Government cease allowing the Communist Third Internationale to openly plan, on Russian soil, for the overthrow of our United States Government by force and violence.

The next day, the U. S. S. R. immediately disavowed any connection with the commintern of Third Internationale. But the paragraph in the treaty of cordial relations between this country and Russia plainly states that the soviet government shall not allow activities on its soil; so it would appear as if it were only a question of time until relations are severed between the two countries . . . and, which, when relations were established a few years ago, it must be remembered, were not primarily to cause grief to over-patriotic American vigilantes or their patron saint (?) (who is also distinguished as being Marion Davies principal boy-friend) but to make business for American capitalists such as Mellon, Ford, etc.

Should relations be severed between Russia and the United States, the current communist-baiting activities, especially in California, will have to operate under changed rules:

For example, we should like to see a state of affairs in which, if any radical was proved to be just a trouble-maker, on the pay-roll of the Communist Internationale, that the courts of this land should be thrown open for trial, and if proven that such spies—they are no better than spies—are stirring up trouble in this country to help some other country to get the upper hand here . . . then, deportation, or any other suitable punishment, should be swift to such traitors in our midst.

At the same time—we hope that America will never cease to breed native-born or naturalized American citizens who will vigorously protest, under their Constitution, against a philosophy which maintains that one is a FINE American if one is willing to work for 12½ cents per hour as a fruit picker, a slightly less desirable American if he or she wants 17½ cents per hour—and if 22½ cents per hour is demanded for a day's work in the hot sun, picking fruit, that such persons cannot be good Americans (!) but instead are howling Russian-Chinaman "Reds" and deserving of all the vigilanteeism that can can be administered by a group of over-patriotic, better-than-thou, drug store cowboys who are brave enough in a mob, but whose yellow liver is entirely uncontrollable when real danger threatens.

Yes, indeedy, the recent, rotten Santa Rosa disgrace, coupled with this latest diplomatic move about Russia, should clear the atmosphere on this point. The "Communist Bugaboo" will be eliminated because it will then be a crime of treason, as it should be, to accept money from any other country to fomen' trouble here. And then, by George, if any American, worthy of the name, wants to protest against the rottenness, and bribery, and corruption, of wealthy and privileged chiselers in this country then let the issue be clear, and forget all about this Russian Communist business.

The question then arises: What will poor Willyum Ranny Hearst do when he hasn't got a "communist scarecrow" to fight? Answer: Willie is so busy now checking up his CANCELLED subscriptions he hasn't time to think about anything else. "The Bigger They Are the Harder They Fall!"

OIL WORKERS TO SPONSOR A BENEFIT BALL

Rodeo Local No. 326, International Association of Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers of America, supported by all labor locals in the East Bay District, will sponsor a benefit ball for Carquinez Local Selby Smelter Workers Union.

The ball will be held in the Bank Hall in Rodeo. Eddie Herbert and His Colony Club five-piece orchestra will furnish the music. Dancing will be from 9 p. m. to 1 a. m. General admission will be 50 cents per ticket. Saturday evening, September 7, is the date.

John V. Lewis Stirs S.F. in Graft Expose

Collector of Internal Revenue Seems to Have Put Some of City Fellers on Uneasy Seat

What a hornet's nest our good friend, Collector and Internal Revenue John V. Lewis, stirred up the other day when, speaking before the San Rafael Rotary Club, he told about the machinations of former San Francisco politicians in collecting their tribute from houses of ill-fame.

Can anyone doubt that such houses of prostitution do NOT run at the present time in our neighboring metropolis; and that those shining lights who are now trying, like ostriches with their heads in the sand, to pretend there are no such "institutions" have been the recipients?

Of course one can realize city, or county, or state officials who may have gotten their "start" by taking money from those who practice the "oldest profession" to now wax holy and sanctimonious; but there's many a chance for a slip in this sleight-of-hand performance of keeping vice "under cover."

We have no doubt that Johnnie Lewis can back up his statements, just the same as can the PROGRESS whenever we make such statements.

TWO LOSE LIVES IN ACCIDENT OF OIL TUG NEAR RICHMOND

Our sincere condolences are offered the bereaved relatives of Harold Garcia, 30, 657 Twelfth Street, Richmond, and Boni Levitan, San Francisco, after the accident to the SOCO Steam Tug No. 1 which capsized about 10:30 last Saturday night. As we understand it, the tug was assisting the S. S. Hillman away from the local wharf when the swift-flowing tide caused the smaller craft to capsize. Nagel and Reneau, two of the hands on the boat, were rescued, but Garcia and Levitan were apparently lost.

Every effort is being made by the Standard to recover the bodies of the missing workers.

Nearby City Circulates Petition To Form Democratic Government

Like a bolt out of a clear sky came the petition last Monday night to the El Cerrito City Council for an election of a board of freeholders to draft a city charter.

It was news to us as it was to everybody else except the 340 who signed it, and it is reliably stated that some of the councilmen and others of the "powers that be" in our adjoining city are just plain flabbergasted, and don't know what it's all about.

Our interest, naturally, is a casual one and is predicated on the fact that we have, for years, been advocating a charter change for Richmond and a movement of this kind, if successful, may cause us to awake from our lethargy and get our own Richmond government back into the hands of the people once more.

Of course, like Ellis Parker Butler's "Pigs is Pigs," there are "charters—and charters." For example, the move last year by certain interests in Pittsburg in which legal talent from Richmond was imported to cook up a charter that would hamstring the people of the Steel City like we are down here. To our great joy that was defeated by the Pittsburgers.

We haven't been able to study the El Cerrito move, but proponents of the change seem to have some good ideas about the election, namely, the chief of police, city attorney, and police judge instead of having them appointed by the councilmen who are usually elected by the "ring" as is the case in Richmond today. Any such move toward democratic government meets with our hearty approval.

According to latest information the 340 names have been checked and found O. K. And, to date, we haven't heard of anyone being fired from his job for having signed it—which, also, is according to the American tradition.

So the eyes of progressive Richmond citizens are now trained upon El Cerrito, feeling sure that when their charter change is accomplished we will quickly follow suit here.

LONG AND RICKS EXPLAIN OLD AGE PENSION PLANS

One of the most interesting, and the largest attended, meetings ever held by the local Townsend Club took place last Monday night when Supervisor Long explained in detail the Changes in the Old Age Assistance Act of California as conforms to the National Old Age Security Bill. Complete details of such legislation may be found in a circular which has been published by Otis Loveridge, head of the County Social Service Department; and which may be obtained from Mrs. Violet Klemm, secretary of the Townsend Club.

"Cappy" Ricks, of Martinez, delivered a serio-comic presentation of the Townsend Plan, the gist of which was the changing attitude towards "thrift" in the United States. "What good does it do," said the speaker, "to save and scrimp for years and years—and put your money in a bank—and lose it?" He cited the instance of a frugal school-teacher who has saved, over a period of 20 years, the sum of $20,000. A deceased relative bequeathed her $20,000 in bank stock, the bank failed, and she had to give up her $20,000 savings as an assessment against her bank stock. What is needed in America, Ricks maintains, is a spending instead of a saving complex so that our factories can be busy. And the way to start immediately is the Towns-

(Continued on Editorial Page)

WHERE THE U. S. STARTS IN TO WAR

Folks who have noted the startling rise in airplane stocks in the past few days can ponder the following statement, and see how far we are away from war:

If airplane and motor truck stocks are hitting high levels, WHY? There is no peace time activity to justify it. Our present neutrality law is supposed to effectively provide against furnishing munitions and pre-war stuff to belligerent nations. But if our airplane and motor truck lords go ahead and sell a lot of such goods, and then have trouble to collect, you can bet they will want to use us as gun-fodder to protect themselves against financial loss. Then where are we? We are in war, no less.

It looks suspicious to say the least. And, while we are opposed to violence of any kind, it does seem to us that we should import a few of those BRAVE mob-fan vigilantes from Santa Rosa and sic 'em on to the airplane lords for the avowed purpose of stringing 'em up forthwith. Casualties on either side of such a struggle would be most acceptable.

There's Always Another Year

WNU Service. **MARTHA OSTENSO** Copyright Martha Ostenso

CHAPTER I

—1—

ORDINARILY, when the Heron River band—an eight-man institution which included a twelve-year-old snare-drummer and a bass-drummer of sixty—played, of a summer night, "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here," and proceeded with proper solemnity into "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," old Shad Finney looked at old Nils Ulevik and said, "Wa-al, she's finished, mate. We better get along." And Nils, sucking on his pipe, would nod his head in grave accord.

But this was no ordinary band-concert night in July. The telegraph operator, Albert Symes, had let fall the information that the express was going to stop at the Heron River depot this evening. It was not only going to slow down as was its wont, to drop off the incoming mail and to snatch up the outgoing, but it was going to come to a definite standstill. To let off a passenger. And who hadn't read in today's Maynard Times about the shooting, over a gambling table in Chicago, of Gentleman Jim Grenoble—Gentleman Jim who still owned half of the Grenoble farm, fancily called Ygdrasil by a fancy wife now long dead; and who had a daughter who must now be nineteen or twenty? Albert Symes, being a man of honor in his profession, hadn't said that there had been a wire to Sophronia Willard, Jim's married sister, about Jim's daughter, stating that she would arrive on the evening train. But Tillie Fink, of the telephone office, had conscientiously listened in while Albert had conveyed the message to Phronie Willard at eight o'clock that morning. So that it had been unnecessary for Albert Symes to betray his trust.

Another interesting angle in the situation was that Roddy Willard, step-son of Sophronia, had mysteriously disappeared in his car yesterday. "Just a little trip," Roddy had said. In view of the fact that Elsbeth Fink, the postmistress and sister of Tillie, knew that four letters had been placed in Roddy's rural mail box during the past ten days, all in the same feminine handwriting, the circumstances were intriguing indeed.

All in all, conditions certainly warranted a change of procedure on the part of those two old cronies, Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik. They stamped heartily enough upon the advent of "Hail, Hail," but after that they glanced at their watches. And immediately those others who possessed watches drew them out from snug pockets, looked at them, gave a thoughtful wind to the stems and replaced them.

There was a general movement toward the depot, a block away, across from the lumber yard. Eighteen or twenty grown persons and a scattering of children.

"D'you s'pose Phronie'll be here?" Shad whispered to Nils. "'Taint likely she'll send Jason to meet her. The looks o' him's enough to scare the old Nick himself!"

Nils shrugged. "She could do vorse," he remarked. "Yase yust so good so his brudder Roderick."

Shad spied Duke Melbank standing amid four or five men on the depot platform. Duke—whose real name was Earl—was bareheaded as usual, and his flaming red hair, shaven close about the ears and neck, could have been seen a quarter mile away.

Duke was tall, narrow-shouldered, tubular. His body suggested a length of sponge. He had a loud, almost incessant laugh which was peculiarly devoid of mirth and meaning. He was an only son, and lived with his mother on a shambles of a farm fringing Heron River. Since farming had become unprofitable, Jess Melbank and her son supplied homebrew to the neighborhood and to the campers on the lakes to the north at twenty-five cents a quart. Jess, in coloring, appeared to have been the inspiration of Duke. She was as broad, however, as she was long.

Soon after Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik had gained the steps of the platform, Jess Melbank could be seen waddling forward from the shadowed extreme end of it. The evening being oppressive, Jess sank with audible relief down upon a bench against the depot wall, still some distance from the group of idlers who surrounded her son Duke. Shad and Nils with a certain feeling of distaste, it must be admitted, edged nearer the group.

The two old men may not have been listening to the utterances of Duke Melbank—those utterances so punctuated by his own snickers and guffaws that it took an alert ear to gather their meaning. They may not have been listening, exactly—because they were nice old men, not given to busy interest in scandal. But they could, nevertheless, not help overhearing.

Some weeks ago, Duke Melbank, on his thirty-fourth birthday, had discovered Chicago. And Chicago, Ned Burgess, editor of the Heron River Sentinel, had established, would never be the same again.

Everybody in Heron River knew, by now, what had happened on Duke's visit to Chicago, but tonight was an occasion which called for the retelling of the event.

"You was in the Grenobles' suit, wasn't you, Duke?" somebody prompted.

"They don't call it a 'suit,'" Duke disclosed loftily. "They call it an 'apartment.' You bet your punkins I was in it. I wouldn't 'a' got in, neither, except I met ol' Jim hisself in a speak-easy, and I come right home with him, bein' from his home town. He was worried like, and he didn't seem to know I was along. There was a gang to his place, all right, all right! Say, boy! Maybe I didn't smile like a wooden fox after seven or eight o' them drinks they give me! And then"—Duke drew himself up and hooked his thumbs into his green-and-orange striped suspenders—"in she comes! Silver pajamas, by hickory! They was all playin' roulette—you know, like they play over to Gale's Point. Up gets this guy from the table and she goes with him into another room and shuts the door! She never even seen me. Wouldn't 'a' known me, anyhow. Somebody says it's her, so I know. I get up pretty soon and goes and opens the door, easy like. And there she is with her back to me and this guy bendin' over her like he's gonna kiss her!" Duke croaked joyously, his head thrown back with the relish of reminiscence.

Somebody prodded him. "Here comes Phronie Willard. Duke! Shut up!"

Duke glanced about him truculently. "What do I care?" he swaggered. "I seen Lucas—"

"He's a big gambler, ain't he, Duke?" A spindly youth, who had heard the story before, put the question in an awed and avid whisper.

"I'll tell the world!" said Duke loudly, straightening his arm and tapping cigarette ash in the direction of Sophronia Willard, the tall, gaunt, dark-faced woman who was at that moment ascending the steps of the platform.

Nils Ulevik and Shad Finney glanced anxiously at Sophronia as she passed them. They hoped she had not overheard any of Duke's talk, for they were law-abiding citizens, and had a distaste for public violence.

But Sophronia Willard, straight and strong as a pine, and as awe-inspiring as one, ignored Duke Melbank's little group just as such a majestic tree might ignore the whisperings of scrub growth in a forest.

Sophronia had had since eight o'clock this morning to prepare for her meeting with her brother's daughter, Anna—"Silver," her mother had frivolously called her, because of the pallor of her hair and skin. Sophronia was washing the separator in the milk house when Jason had shouted to her that she was wanted on the telephone.

Albert Symes, the telegraph operator, had read the telegram to her. He had said first, clearing his throat: "I have bad news for you, Mrs. Willard." Phronie had said, "Go on, go on, man! Read it." Then Albert had proceeded with the message: "As attorney to your brother James Grenoble I assume the painful duty of informing you that your brother was shot fatally early this morning by one Lewis Rawson. Rawson was killed by police as he was trying to make his escape. Your niece Silver Grenoble will arrive Heron River tonight's train. Take care of her. Benjamin Hubbard."

Sophronia had made no outcry. She had given Albert Symes a curt "Thank you." Then she had seated herself on the chair beside the telephone and had looked up at it, there on the wall, for a long time. Jason had stood near by, fumbling with a piece of harness, or something—she forgot just what. Her eyes had moved to him slowly, and it seemed to her suddenly that this step-son of hers was more hunch-backed than usual. She could see that pitiful excrescence of bone and flesh mounting from behind the line of his shoulder. She saw his mournful, deep eyes—like the eyes of a dog that had been run over and begged to be removed from its pain.

"Jim is dead,' she told him, as she might tell him that the clock needed winding.

Jason turned the bit of leather about in his powerful hands—hands that could bend a horseshoe inside out without trouble.

"How?" he asked. His voice was husky and soft as wind moving over tall grass. "How did he die?"

"He was shot."

"Was he in Chicago still?"

"Yes."

"It would be a gambler shot him," Jason said, and his glance fell.

"I guess," Phronie said. "His daughter is coming on tonight's train. It was Jim's lawyer telegraphed."

"Too bad Roddy isn't here," Jason said laboriously. "He could meet her, Phronie."

The angry red sprang into Sophronia's cheeks. "You're good enough to meet her, Jason," she said sharply. "You're good enough to meet anybody, and don't you think different!"

Jason smiled with great gentleness, as though it were Phronie who was ill-formed. "You know I ain't," he said. "You've got to drive in."

"All right, Jase," she replied, to have it done with. "Now I've got to finish the separator."

The shining metal of the separator made whirling disks before her eyes. Jim—Gentleman Jim! Her only brother, younger than herself, handsome and wild as their grandfather had been. Not made for this land their grandfather had homesteaded on, though. Going off the deep end when his wife, Anna Egstrom, that lovely Swede, had died without asking your leave! Jim had gone away then, leaving her, Sophronia, in possession of half this farm that had belonged to their father and their grandfather—leaving her with the responsibility of the entire farm, his own half as well as hers! Going off after his wife's death, with his seven-year-old daughter, as though the earth had swallowed them up. What had there been for Sophronia to do but to marry Roderick Willard, the widower on a farm in the next county? He had built this new house on the ridge, not more than a stone's throw above the little old place in which the Grenobles had lived for three generations, in which Silver Grenoble had been born and Anna Egstrom had died.

Roderick Willard had been kind. Sophronia had loved him, she supposed, so far as she knew anything of love. And his two sons, in their early 'teens then, had responded to her mothering, had affectionately accepted her. But Roderick, who had sold his own farm before his marriage to Sophronia, had wanted to secure complete possession of the Grenoble farm. Jim Grenoble, for some romantic reason, had refused to sell his section, although Roderick and his sons had worked it through all the years.

Two years after her marriage to Roderick Willard, when her step-sons were in high school at Heron River, Sophronia had had her first news of Jim. He and Silver were in Alaska. Jim did not say what he was doing, but Silver was being looked after in a convent school.

Next year Jim was in Nevada. And later in Mexico. Mining, he said. His daughter was also in Mexico, in the care of nuns, and was learning Spanish and German and French, Sophronia, remember-

Then She Had Seated Herself on the Chair Beside the Telephone.

ing the fair child of seven, who was so much like that dreamy, foreign mother of hers, wondered. Sophronia wrote Jim then that her husband, Roderick Willard, wanted to buy him out. But Jim had some sentimental attachment for the place, because of his wife Anna, who had called it Ygdrasil. That word, in Norse mythology, Anna had said, meant the Tree of Life. There was a huge oak in front of the old Grenoble farm house.

They couldn't budge Jim. He refused to sell. Why did he want to hang on to a farm that he never meant to visit again? He was gambling for a living. Sophronia would have guessed that, even though Newt Fisher, who had run into him in Nevada, hadn't brought the news back. But his wife Anna had curiously loved her Ygdrasil—silly name, silly woman! Sophronia always grew uncomfortable when she thought of Anna. Well, who hadn't loved her? She was gentle as spring rain.

And what would this daughter of hers be like? Sophronia wondered with misgiving. Product of convents (of all things—and Jim raised a Presbyterian!) and boarding schools from Nome to Nicaragua—daughter of a fairy mother who had died at twenty-eight, and a father madder than his own grandfather, who would lay bets with the moon as to the color of its back-hair—what would the daughter be like? She had been born on this farm, it was true, but would she remember anything of it that was sane and sound?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Did you ever meet a gangster's moll?

You never met one like Silver. Daughter of a gambler, she gave her heart—and more—to the big shot of a Chicago "mob." Yet, something new, more exciting and more important, she discovered in the wind-swept beauty of the Dakota prairies.

But—

"To think," she cried, "to think that when the real thing came, it had to be wrong, too!"

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

by Martha Ostenso

This is the first installment. BEGIN NOW!

SOCIETY NEWS ☘ CLUBS ☘ LODGES

ITALIAN NIGHT PROVES BIG SUCCESS AT ELKS' CLUB

Under direction of Joseph Perasso and a group of representative Americans of Italian descent, including Leo Marcollo, Joseph Perelli, Lino Francioni, A. Dowrelio, F. Fanoni, C. Garibotti, J. Del Monte, W. H. Verbiscio, Pete Caletti, Bruno Roveda, Pete Robbiano, John Marchetta, Domenic Campagnia, Paul Pagnini, Joseph Farra, Joseph Toffoli, and L. De Gregorio, the Annual Italian Night at Richmond B. P. O. E. 1251 proved a grand success.

Outstanding among the acts were Pezzola's accordion quartet. Johnny Toffoli and Johnny O'Brien of N. B. C.; Eddie Traverso and Joe Prasso, accordionists; Arentino; Bohemian Trio, etc. A fine feed of pasta acciutta was served following the meet.

Exalted Ruler Cliff Anglim presided over the business meeting, and announced "Standard Oil Night" for two weeks hence. That should be a stirring meeting.

WE TAKE OUR HAT OFF TO . . .

Dr. F. E. Townsend—BECAUSE of the splendid courage he showed, recently, at Pittsburg when his airplane cracked up and escaping death by inches, the doctor bravely and determinedly commanded those with him to continue the journey to Los Angeles in a plane standing nearby. Edw. Margett tells the story in the current issue of "Townsend Weekly."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dornan have just returned from an extensive vacation in Sonoma county. The Dornans were accompanied by their three children, Dorothy, Betty and Robert. Jr. The itinerary took in Santa Rosa, Sonoma, Jenner-by-the-Sea, and all the points of interest in the county, as they traveled most of the time during a two weeks' vacation.

The appointive officers of the Point Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, met last evening at the home of Mrs. J. P. Smith, the Marshall, to arrange for a night for this group to be held on September 19th in the local hall, to which all the appointive officers of the East Bay chapters will be invited.

R. W. Scott of 232 Tewksbury avenue has sold his home to J. H. Shaw. Mr. Shaw and family lived for several years at the Point some years ago and we are glad to welcome them back here again.

K. J. McKinley, who resides in the Fairmont Apartments, met with a severe accident at the Crockett Sugar Refinery last week and has been confined to the Merritt Hospital since, but is fairly on the road to recovery.

Trinity Guild met Wednesday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Chester Stanley, in the chair. The coming bazaar to be held about the 2nd of October, for which tickets for the crocheted bedspread, comforter and scarf will be awarded, was discussed and tickets distributed.

The Women's West Side Improvement Club will hold its first meeting after the vacation Tuesday afternoon in the Guild Hall, according to Mrs. Marie Ceridono, the president. Mrs. Ceridono urges all members to be present as important matters will be discussed.

NEW STYLE DANCING FEATURED FOR BAKER STUDIOS FALL TERM

Many smiling tanned faces are again at the Baker Dance Studios. They seem to be thrilled about their new lessons. The Baker Studios were managing producers for the beautiful Slyvia Ballet in the capitol city of California this year and they are featuring a new beauty in ballet, which the world is widely acclaiming, for their new fall term opening. The new creations are called Dancing Poems and they consist of clever combinations of drama, ballet and pantomime. Mrs. Baker is considered one of our most creative artists for this new style of dancing.

The first part of the new fall dancing term will enjoy what Mr. Baker terms a triple special.

Three styles of dancing, the new dancing poems, novel and comedy tap and acrobatic rythm routines will be taught in each lesson. Registration coupons for this special, appears in this issue of the "Progress." New pupils must register at the Baker Studio, 255 Twelfth Street, 4:00 p.m., Wednesday September 4th.

Those interested in ballroom dancing or boy's classes are asked to register right away for fall classes.

Mr. Baker calls our attention to the fact that two Richmond dancers, former pupils of the Baker Studio, are now favoritees in the new Greta Garbo picture, "Anna Karenina" which is soon to be released. They are Vernon Siple, whose screen name is Dave Robel and Charlotte Hunter. Both of them were exclusive dancing pupils of the Baker Dance Studios.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker have just returned from Hollywood and the World's Fair in Southern California and are now attending the Convention of the Dancing Masters in San Francisco.

Mr. R. G. Lee left yesterday for a vacation in Southern California. He will visit all the sights which can be covered in a five or six days' trip.

Mrs. J. A. Feudner of East Richmond avenue has just returned from a three weeks' vacation in the Sacramento valley, Lake Tahoe and other points of interest.

Mrs. John Borland was honored by her sister, Mrs. Norman Miner of Crest avenue, on the occasion of the birthday of Mrs. Borland. A Spanish dinner was served early in the evening, after which the birthday cake was cut by the honored guest. Those who testified as to its merits vociferously were Mr. and Mrs. Letterman from Berkeley, and two children; Mrs. Charles E. Angell, Crest avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis, from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Angell, and two children; Miss Katherine McCracken, Mr. Harry Burt, and the host and Miner, who proved most genial and charming as the party extended into the early morning. Ann Miner, the little daughter of the house, was especially charming and interesting.

The Point circle of Druids were well represented at the meeting in Martinez Monday night, on the occasion of the visit of the grand archdruidess, Mrs. Mary Neill, and other grand officers who were making their regular visit to the Martinez circle.

The delegation from the Point consisted of the Archdruidess Mrs. Violet Giroldi, Mrs. Marie Ceridono, Misses Louise Novarini and Armenia Robbiano, and Charles Ceridono.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Angell of Crest avenue are enjoying an extended vacation in the Canadian Rockies, the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Angell, of Berkeley, who are making the tour by motor. Mrs. Angell is a native of the Dominion, so this is an especially interesting trip to her.

Mrs. John Fry, who has been visiting her parents on the Marina, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Finley, returned Monday to her duties as art instructor in the Junior College at Long Beach.

Mrs. George Doll, a former Point patron, and Miss Marie Whitesides, City Auditor, are on a vacation in Canada. They expect to visit Vancouver, Lake Louise and all the points of interest in the Canadian Northwest.

Joseph Damani, who has resided for the past 15 years at 66 Nichol avenue, has been called to Chicago, where he will remain for about six months before returning to Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Arnold of Coalinga are spending their vacation with Mr. Arnold's father, J. P. Arnold, on Nevada avenue.

P. G. & E. EXHIBIT AT STATE FAIR

Forty years of hydro-electric service to northern California are to be celebrated by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company as a feature of its participation in the forthcoming State Fair at Sacramento, September 1 to 9, inclusive. The company's exhibit in the Appliance and Food Show Building, devoted chiefly to an exposition of modern lighting for the home, will tell the story of "The Copper Trail."

The closing day of the fair, September 9, will mark the fortieth anniversary of the first hydro-electric plant in California. This was the Folsom plant on the American River, which, improved from time to time withprogress in the generation of electricity, is still in active service. The starting of this plant was a great forward step in transporting electricity, the 22 miles over which the current traveled to the city of Sacramento being an achievement in long-distance transmission.

CITY IS SUED FOR $50,000 ACCOUNT OF PUCCI DEATH LOSS

As a formality, the City Council Monday evening denied the claim for damages filed by Attorney George T. Kerr, San Francisco, in amount of $50,000. The action grew out of a recent occurrence when Officer Craycroft was called to the Pucci residence in North Richmond to arrest the late Thomas Pucci. It is claimed that Pucci attacked the officer with a pitchfork and Craycroft was forced to shoot him in self defense.

Daniels and Bowden submitted their audit which was, of course, approved. Our friend, Ralph Lee, was granted a soft drink license for his new place on Eleventh street. Galileo Club thanked council and police department for doing their duty a week ago last Sunday when the Galileans held their picnic at Alvarado Park.

If you want to subscribe for the PROGRESS all you have to do is call Richmond-3456-we will do the rest.

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"Kilowatt" is a mysterious term to many. It's a unit of power, equaling one and one-third horsepower or the power of ten men.

A kilowatt hour isn't a time hour. It's the time consumed in using a kilowatt of electric energy.

ONE KILOWATT HOUR EQUALS { A horse and a pony working together for one hour or One man working for 10 hours.

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The national average rate for a kilowatt hour of electricity for domestic use is 5.3 cents. The P. G. & E. average is 4.4.

The national average for farm power is 2.8 cents per kwh. Our average was 1.8 cents in 1934.

REMEMBER the first vacuum cleaner you ever used? Right then you put kilowatts to work. (Think of them either as horsepower or manpower.) Right then you decided your days of sweeping with a broom were over for all time. Electricity is, no doubt, doing the hard work of many other jobs in your home, because it does them easily and well for little money. Even a few pennies (that's little money, to be sure) will do a lot of scrubbing, beating, rubbing and churning when it hires electric servants.

4.4c for electricity will scrub 4 tubfull of clothes, and in addition will beat batter for 2 dozen cakes, sweep 6 room-size rugs, and turn a sewing machine for an afternoon of dressmaking . . . Honestly, doesn't electricity work cheaply?

Even in the Orient, where labor is the cheapest, you can't hire a household servant to work ten hours for several times 4 cents.

P·G·&·E·
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
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ELECTRICITY IS CHEAPER in California

Famous Warwick Vase Is Housed in Conservatory

The park of Warwick Castle in England contains the conservatory built to shelter the famous Warwick vase, the largest marble vase known. It was found at the bottom of a lake at Hadrian's villa near Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton, then ambassador at the court of Naples; by him it was presented to the father of the earl of Warwick, conveyed to England, and placed in its present position.

This celebrated antique is of white marble, designed and executed in purest Grecian taste, one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture extant. In form it is circular, and capable of holding 136 gallons. Two large handles, formed of interwoven vine-branches, tendrils, and clustered grapes, spread around the upper margin. The middle part of the vase is enfolded by the skin of a panther, with the head and claws beautifully finished; above are the heads of satyrs, bound with wreaths of ivy, with the vine-clad spear of Bacchus and the crooked staff of the Augurs. The huge bowl rests upon a pedestal of vine-leaves that climb high up its sides; and it stands on a large square marble base on which, in Latin, an inscription describes the finding of the vase and its presentation.

Walls of Jericho

The walls of Jercho in Palestine were no bigger around than Rome's colosseum.

Do You Know—

That the first clock was the clepsydra or water-clock, introduced at Rome about 158 B. C., by Scipio Nasica? The earliest complete clock of which there is certain record was made by a Saracen mechanic in the Thirteenth century.

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My Neighbor Says:

When the bristles of the carpet sweeper become soft from use, put a little common baking soda in some hot water, take the brush from the sweeper, dip it up and down in this solution and let it dry in the sun.

• • •

Dust is most successfully removed from reed furniture when a hose is used. Set furniture on the lawn when the sun is shining and play the hose on it.

• • •

Use eggshells to wash bottles or vinegar cruets. Crush them fine, put into the cruets with warm, soapy water and shake well. This will clean the finest glass without scratching it.

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SOMETHING DIFFERENT

A theater in Berlin is supplying frozen lozenges free to patrons.

—

Elephant hunters of Uganda have been equipped with motorcycles.

—

Pictures of skulls have been placed on traffic signs in Shanghai, China.

—

Prisoners presented Shakespearean plays in a Glasgow (Scotland) prison.

—

A South African zoo has three baby lion-tigers, offspring of a father lion and mother tiger.

—

Bullfrogs are protected by law in Arizona. In 1933 the legislature established a permanent closed season on the frogs.

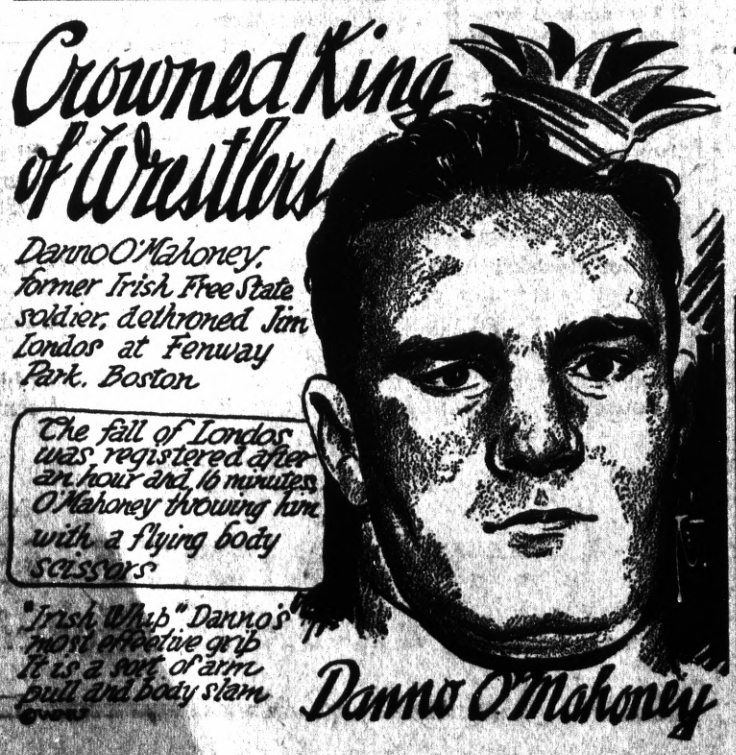
—

Six auk eggs were sold at a recent auction in London, bringing $6,877. One of the eggs of the extinct bird sold for $1,500.

Custom to Cut Off Ears

Before the Statute de la Juriere was passed in 1275, which forbade Jews to practice moneylending and levied a tax upon them, it was the custom in England to cut off Jews' ears and nail them to trees. There is little doubt that the fungus called the Jew's Ear, which resembles a human ear and grows on the trunk of the elder tree, owes its name to this historical fact. Some authorities affirm, however, that it is a contraction for Judas ear, as it is popularly believed that it was on an elder tree that Judas hanged himself.—Answers Magazine.

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



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The WORLD OF WOMEN

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

Home & Fireside -:- Fashions

FEAR A GREAT HANDICAP TO PROGRESS!

• • •

By Anne Arden

According to the World Famous Russian Scientist, Pavlov, there are three primary notives influencing life—hunger, fear and sex—and of these he places fear first. He further states that in the presence of fear there can be no development.

In every walk of life we find that the fear of reaching out for something other than we are accomplishing today, robs us of greater development and with it the satisfaction of progress. Mothers, husbands, wives fear losing their hold on those that are dear to them, hence develop a jealous and suspicious attitude toward anything or anyone that appears to take up time or devotion which they feel rightly belongs to them.

I have in mind a recent case where a young bride is fighting tooth and nail to keep her husband from attending night school, either because she is suspicious that her husband might find delightful company away from her or that she cannot have enough of his time when away from his routine work. She is not only hindering her husband in his progress mentally but she is developing the phobia of fear to such an extent that, should she have children, she will tend to destroy a progressive attitude in them also.

I know of instances where mothers have been afraid to encourage their children in the science of aviation, engineering when the children expressed great liking for such work, the children are working at a laborer's job. Here the mother made sure that her hold was so strong on the child that whatever her desire was ,the child would accomplish, even though he had a burning desire to rise above his laboring capabilities.

Pavlov further states, "In five years I have been able to develop the brains of two apes through my knowledge of conditional reflexes to absorb experience which the link between man and ape took thousands of years to acquire." Hence if through intelligent guidance, with mechanical aids, a mere ape can bridge the years for development, dare we then deny superman the privilege and passion for progress through our selfish, stupid fears.

It is my conviction that the mother is a guide to her children, not an autocrat; the wife or husband as a helpmate in whatever good the other is trying to accomplish, is the helpful role to progress and happiness for those involved. If we cannot walk with those that are learning, we had better espouse the crown of learning for ourselves and equally enrich our lives.

One writer asks: "Why must there be pain and suffering, is it a visitation of the devil upon us?"

Quoting Pain Can Be a Cause of Delight—Providence has so ordered it, that a state of rest and inaction, however it may flatter our indolence, should be productive of many inconveniences;—for the nature of rest is to suffer all the parts of our bodies to fall into relaxation, that not only disables the members from performing their functions, but takes away the vigorous tone of fibre which is requisite for carrying on the natural and necessary secretions. At the same time, that in this languid, inactive state, he nerves are more liable to the most horrid convulsions, than when they are sufficiently braced and strengthened. Melancholy, dejection, despair, and often self-murder, is the consequence of the gloomy view we take of things in this relaxed state of body. The best remedy for all these evils is exercise or labor; and labor is a surmounting of difficulties, an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles; and as such resembles pain, which ocnsists in tension or contraction in everything but degree. Labour is not only requisite to preserve the their functions; but it is equally necessary to those finer and more delicate organs, on which and by which, the imagination, and perhaps the other mental powers act. Since it is probable, that not only the inferior parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself, makes use of some fine corporal instruments in its operation; though what they are and where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle; but that it does make use of such appears from hence; that a long exercise of the mental powers induces a remarkable lassitude of the whole body; and, on the other hand, that great bodily labor or pain, weakens and sometimes actually destroys, the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without his rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree. In all cases, if the pain and terror is so modified as to not be actually noxious;—not pleasure, but a sort of delightful horror, a sort of tranquility tinged with terror; which, as it belongs to self preservation, is one of the strongest of all passions. Its object is the sublime. Its highest degree I call astonishment; the subordinate degrees are awe, reverence, and respect, which, by the very etymology of the words show from what source they are derived, and how they stand distinguished from positive pleasure."

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Old-Fashioned Nat

By R. H. WILKINSON

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NATHANIEL HARDWICK was born and bred in the country. He lived on a farm until the time he was fifteen years of age, and the impressions gained from that form of existence were, at the age of thirty, still clearly impressed on his mind.

At thirty Nathaniel was an assistant bank treasurer, having worked his way through college and later shown remarkable aptitude as a bank clerk which had won him rapid promotion.

He was married, the father of two children and considered among the foremost citizens of Auburn.

But despite the fact that Nathaniel now lived in a world far removed from that of wresting a living from the soil, despite the fact that Carlene, his pretty young wife, was city-bred, modern in every respect and herself socially prominent in club circles, despite these and many other things, Nathaniel still adhered to many of the modes and habits of livelihood which were instilled in his being while living on a farm under the stern supervision of hard-shelled Yankee parents.

At times, and more often than not, to the annoyance of Carlene, these habits asserted themselves.

Many of them were not, he discovered, at all practical, when he attempted to apply them to this modern style of living; yet on the other hand many could, he felt, be used to advantage, economically and otherwise.

There was, for example, the matter of canning preserves in anticipation of a cold and rugged winter.

He could see no reason why Carlene, during the summer months couldn't spend some of her time preserving fresh fruits and vegetables to be used during the winter.

He couldn't see it even after Carlene explained that canned fruits and vegetables could be had any day during any winter at most any store in the neighborhood. Moreover, the canning was done expertly by professionals at the game.

At first Carlene, in fact, had laughed at the idea. But when she saw a sort of longing in Nathaniel's eye and realized he was serious about the business, she agreed to do a certain amount of preserving just to humor him.

After all, it was the first year of their married life, and Carlene was quite in love with her husband.

The winter that followed was a revelation.

Nathaniel would descend into the basement in high spirits, select a jar of peaches or pears or canned corn and devour its contents with a relish that was remarkable to see.

He ignored the canned vegetables that Carlene brought home from the local grocer's and watched with a sort of condemning look in his eyes when Carlene ate them with apparently as much relish as he had displayed over their own preserves.

This was the first year of their married life.

Three summers later Carlene balked.

She had, she said, quite a number of other matters to occupy her time and couldn't be spending hours on end canning fruits and vegetables just because of a silly whim of her husband's.

Their family had increased by two, and the children needed attention. Besides, canning wasn't in her line. It was an old-fashioned idea, out of date and not at all practical.

But Nathaniel was stubborn.

Canning was not only practical but economical.

Why, right now he could buy any quantity of fresh fruits and vegetables at half the regular retail price. If canned, they would prove not only a delectable and much envied dish during the winter months, but economical as well.

Carlene was furious.

She told Nathaniel he was silly and old-fashioned and selfish.

She told him there wasn't another woman in town who ever thought of canning anything, that things were a lot different from what they were twenty years ago.

All of which was lost on old-fashioned Nat.

The day following the first outbreak he announced that on the morrow he was planning to bring home a crate of strawberries, which he had been able to buy from a local grocer at an extremely low figure. He announced also that he expected Carlene to begin canning at once, and that if she didn't she could forget all about the white summer coat he had promised her for their trip to the Cape next month.

Carlene lost control of her temper. In rather a rage she informed Nathaniel coldly that she didn't intend to can any strawberries or raspberries or huckleberries or any other kind of berries.

She told him that he could can his own strawberries if he wanted them canned, and in the meantime she was taking the children and going to visit her mother, and she intended to stay there until some of the old-fashioned and dizzy ideas which were percolating around in his head were replaced by a little common sense.

And forthwith Carlene packed up her belongings, dressed the children and departed northward without so much as a good-by.

Old-fashioned Nat let her go and his jaw set in characteristic stubborn style. The next day he went downtown and purchased strawberries.

After that he spent a week moping around and trying not to miss Carlene and finding it a difficult task.

He was still pretty stubborn about it all, but he did wish Carlene was back, and wanted badly to see the children.

He stuck it out for two more days and then, finally convinced that Carlene wasn't going to come home until he made some move to bring her back, took his pride between his teeth and called her on the phone.

Nathaniel was so glad to hear Carlene's voice that he didn't detect the note of eagerness with which she agreed to come home. And he was so glad to see her and the children that it never occurred to him to be surprised at the rapidity with which she responded to his call.

They were standing in the kitchen, closely enfolded in each other's arms, when Carlene suddenly drew away and stared.

She was staring at the shelves above the kitchen sink.

Two rows of quart jars reposed there, and each jar contained an assortment of luscious strawberries.

"Nat! You actually did it! Oh, Nat, darling, I'm so sorry! I—I had no idea you wanted them as badly as that."

She clung to him tenderly.

"Darling, I'm so sorry. I promise that every summer hereafter I'll can as much fruit and vegetables as you want. It was selfish of me to say I wouldn't do it."

Nathaniel patted her shoulder and said, "There, there. You needn't can them if you don't want to. Guess I can survive on store stuff."

Then he led her to their bedroom and showed her the new white summer coat he'd bought for her trip to the Cape. And after that Carlene was more repentive than ever, and said that on the morrow she'd inaugurate her regular summer canning schedule.

That night after Carlene had gone to sleep Nathaniel lay for a long time picturing the luscious canned fruit and vegetables which would next winter prove such a rarity and a relish to him, a man who couldn't get the idea out of his head that home-canned preserves were the best. His only regret was that somehow he'd have to eat the two dozen jars of canned strawberries which he'd bought at the local grocer's and which now reposed on the shelves above the kitchen sink, and appear to like them.

Paper Clothes Prophesied as 1980 Mode by Designer

What will women wear in 1980?

Miss Elizabeth Hawes, dress designer, recently traced the current revolution in style trend, which began during the World war, and made the following predictions:

Paper underclothing and paper sports costumes for men and women will have been generally accepted by that time.

Mass production of clothes will have been developed to such an extent every woman can be sure of finding a perfect fit in any dress she chooses.

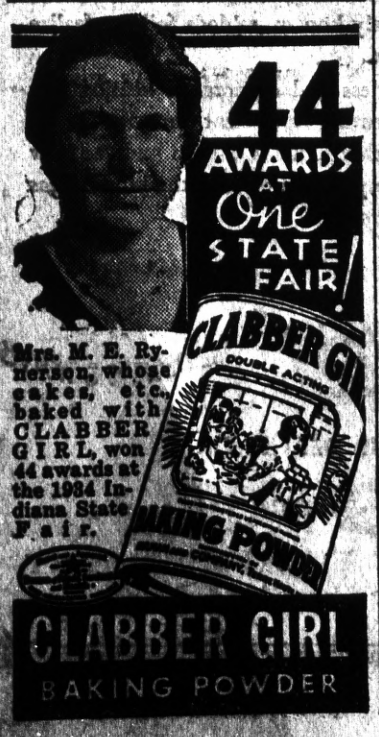
The public will have become clothes conscious to the extent it, rather than the manufacturers, will dictate fashions and materials.

Miss Hawes also pointed out that important transitions in style take place at intervals of approximately every seven years. She mentioned that corsets were worn in 1914, were out of use in 1921, and came back into style in 1928 when a definite trend to feminine creations was under way.

"The chic figure of 1925 required dieting," she said, "but the figure of 1935 requires only a proper amount of exercise."

No Place to Go

A man wants to live on and on whether he has any other object in view or not.



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Just send the top from one full-sized, yellow-and-blue package of Grape-Nuts, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of the club manual, containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts *right away*. It has a winning flavor all its own—crisp, nutlike, delicious. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U. S. A.)

A Product of General Foods

Scorn Not the Lowly Leftover

Dab of This and That Often Makes Tasty Dish.

By EDITH M. BARBER

SOME housekeepers have a prejudice against leftovers. I do not share this feeling. I actually welcome them. Nothing is more fun than to find in the refrigerator a dab of this and a dab of that and to combine them with the help of a few eggs, some white sauce and a few bread crumbs, which may themselves be a leftover, and to evolve a completely new dish.

There are any number of dishes whose names suggest special delicacies and which can be made from leftovers. I am speaking of timbales and souffles which demand a foundation of soft bread crumbs and milk or a white sauce combined with eggs and strained or minced, cooked vegetables, meat or fish. You may even use mixed vegetables or a combination of vegetables with the last pickings from the fowl or roast.

Then there are those scalloped dishes which may be made from any leftover materials placed in alternate layers with buttered crumbs in a greased baking dish. White sauce or tomato juice may be used to moisten them if you like, and I must not forget croquettes which have a very thick, well-seasoned white sauce for their base.

Be sure to chill your croquette mixture before you attempt to mold it into little pyramids or rolls which are then dipped in sifted dry bread crumbs, beaten eggs and crumbs again. I particularly like sweet or white potato croquettes because this is such a good use for mashed potatoes when you may have supplied too liberally. These are merely moistened with egg, seasoned with onion juice, and parsley, if you have some on hand, before they are crumbed and fried in deep fat.

Meat Timbales.

1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup milk
1 cup minced veal, chicken or ham
4 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper
2 egg whites

Put the crumbs in the milk and cook until very soft. Add meat, butter and seasonings, fold in the beaten egg whites, and pour into buttered molds, filling not more than two-thirds full. Set molds in pan of hot water and bake in a medium oven about one-half hour. Serve with white sauce, seasoned with mushrooms, vegetables or cheese.

Vegetables With Curry.

1 onion, minced
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt, pepper
½ teaspoon celery salt
1 cup milk
Leftover vegetables

Fry minced onion in butter, add flour and seasonings. Add milk and stir until smooth and thick. Pour this sauce over diced vegetables and chopped parsley. Heat thoroughly and serve with boiled rice.

Baked Fish in Cheese Sauce.

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ cup American cheese
½ cup chopped mushrooms
1 or more cups flaked fish
½ can shrimp
Salt, pepper, paprika

Melt butter, add flour, and when well blended add milk nd stir until smooth and thick. Add the cheese, cut into small pieces, and melt. Arrange the mushrooms, flaked fish and shrimp in greased baking dish. Season and pour over cheese sauce. Bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly hot and brown on top. Bread crumbs can be sprinkled over the top. The sides of the baking dish can be lined with leftover mashed potatoes and the creamed mixture poured in the center.

Dressing for Green Salads.

Livers of 2 chickens, boiled
Yolks of 2 hard cooked eggs
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoon svinegar
½ cup olive oil
Chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon worcestershire sauce

Mash and mix to a paste the chicken livers and yolks. Add seasoning, pour in olive oil drop by drop, stirring until the consistency of thin mayonnaise. Mix with salad and chopped parsley.

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Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.

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anywhere on the body—
also burning irritated skin—
soothed and helped by
Resinol

Lacquering New Wood

If new wood is to be lacquered, a wood filler is required to secure a finish that is entirely smooth. The filler is applied in the usual manner, being brushed on, the excess wiped off, the surface allowed to dry. Lacquer is applied with a soft hair brush and "flowed" on rather than stroked back and forth. It should smooth itself out and never be gone over a second time if it is possible to avoid it.

Hot Water Bottles

Hot water bottles should always be light in weight. Don't make the common mistake of filling them to bursting point, thinking they will keep hot longer. A bottle should be filled to about one-quarter its capacity. Press the bottle to allow the steam to escape before you add the stopper.

Paint Basement Floor

A good grade of deck paint that resists dampness is most satisfactory for concrete basement floors. It comes in medium brown, buff, yellow, stone, medium gray, dark red and other colors.

Western Champion

Miss Marion Miley of Lexington, Ky., won the western women's golf championship at the tournament played recently at Cleveland, Ohio.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

ON THE WOMAN WHO CRAVES PRESTIGE

WHATEVER may be her virtues and her graces, there is one type of woman who can never be successful in marriage, a noted author tells us. And that is the woman with a sex inferiority complex. Though she may be a perfect angel, such a woman is unfit to be a wife.

The trouble with her, we are told, is that her first interest is always maintaining her prestige. With a feminine inferiority complex she is not confident of herself and her abilities, and therefore needs constant affirmation of her worth in the opinion of others. That disqualifies her entirely for the role of a wife.

It seems to me that the importance of this point lies not in following to its conclusion the question of how the desire for personal prestige interferes with the requirements for a woman's success in marriage. We all know that. It would seem more to the point to consider that a craving for attention, a desire for prestige is very likely to disqualify a woman—or for that matter a man—for success in anything.

There is nothing in the world that so interferes with accomplishment and with enjoyment of life as having one eye on what other people will say or think. There is nothing so distracting as to be preoccupied in gaining the good will or good opinion of others. There is no surer short-cut to failure than the effort to shine.

People who have creative work, distinguished achievement, to their credit, have succeeded because they did their work for its own sake. People who are most highly regarded by the world are those who have cared little for the world's acclaim. People who have the greatest experience of happiness are those who pursue the even tenor of their way, doing their best according to their lights, playing the game for the sake of the game, without thought to another's opinion, or to admiration or applause.

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Scotch Bridge Honored

Famous Wade's bridge, across the River Tay at Aberfeldy, Scotland, recently passed its two hundredth birthday anniversary and the event was marked by simple ceremonies. Field Marshal Wade began building roads in the Highlands, where no roads existed before, in 1725, and laid the first stone for the bridge over the Tay in 1733.

VERSATILE VEILS BECOMINGLY USED

New and Old Ways of Wearing Them in Vogue.

Veils are omnipresent, and apparently every new and old way of wearing them is in vogue. Wherever you turn, you find another fashion.

And again one must admit that there is reason in fashion. For they certainly are becoming and—the word is carefully chosen—seductive. Mado has an amusing way of veiling the entire face snugly, clear down to the chin, and then gathering the rest of the veil itself high on the top of the hat, in a series of great bows and loops. Jean Patou, on the other hand, prefers to use them exactly like any other hat trimmings, except that they do a lot of things that other trimmings do not. For example, on a rather flat little brimmed felt he slips the veil under the ribbon band, veiling the front half of the brim and just letting the netting dip over the eyes. He then brings the rest to the back of the hat where he piles it up in two great bows, giving the becoming effect of height, but in such an airy fashion that it passes for one of the pancake modes that are so popular.

Molyneux likes to use his veilings all to the top of a hat.

Enelly Soeurs likes gathered veils on all sorts of brimmed hats. A cloche of white velvet with a draped crown and a narrow pointed brim utilizes a gathered black veil, while all the back-setting bonnets invariably use a full front veil to break the severity of the plain face effect.

Lewis, the house which first launched stitched velvet three years ago, is thoroughly original in its emerald velvet toque, stitched all over. This toque has a veil of black tulle covering the entire hat, worked to a point over the chin, and then draped from the back to form a scarf.

STYLE NOTES

The new woolens are intriguing.

It's chic to wear high-class black frock in the daytime.

All fashion glitters—with metal effects for fall.

Designers are creating stunning new coats and blouse of gay leather.

Of course you will be wanting to own a collar and cuff set of gilt leather.

Every suit should have its blouse of satin in one of the rich Italian renaissance colors.

Velveteen and plaid wool make a smart combination for fall.

DRY ICE FROM WELLS

Workers around an old well in Poland were startled recently when large snow flakes came spouting forth instead of the petroleum they expected. Their astonishment was greater when they found that the temperature of this "snow" was about 100 degrees below zero. Scientists who hurried to the scene pronounced it to be solidified carbon dioxide gas.

According to Dr. E. E. Free, this phenomenon is not unusual in our own country. Underground burial and the seepage of water downward places the gas under tremendous pressure. Withdrawal of oil so weakens the ground structure that the gas eventually bursts forth and the rapid cooling from sudden expansion causes it to solidify and appear on the surface as natural dry ice.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

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The Editorial Page of the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS The Friendly Newspaper that Dares to Tell the Truth
HARRY R. BURT, Editor and Publisher

The POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS is a weekly newspaper published and printed each Friday at 24 West Richmond Ave., Richmond, California. Entered as second-class matter Feb. 15, 1935, at the post office at Richmond, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 5c per copy; 75c for three months; $1.25 for six months, and $2.00 the year. Our staff comprises: Harry R. Burt, Editor and Publisher; Matthew McCarthy, Business Manager; Katherine McCracken, Social Editor. A Democratic newspaper that is solidly behind President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What Next??

By S. C. Masterson, Jr.

THE RECENT WPA strikes are the least ocmmendable that Union Labor has attempted. Even though the intent of the working man in this case as in most other cases is only to protect himself against what he feels is a threat to his standard of living, yet it seems that he overlooks the real problems involved in the Works Progress Administration. The President has available for relief activities during the year $4,880,000,000 which must be made to provide for some twenty million people, it is therefor impossible to hold that expenditures from this fund to provide work for the needy fall in the same category as funds spent by private corporations on enterprises which will return a profit to the corporation. The Administration has a limited amount available to provide for the needs of people all over the United States, in the face of this problem it is impossible to pay the prevailing union wage, all the Administration can do is pay the highest wage commensurate with the funds it has available—that it is doing.

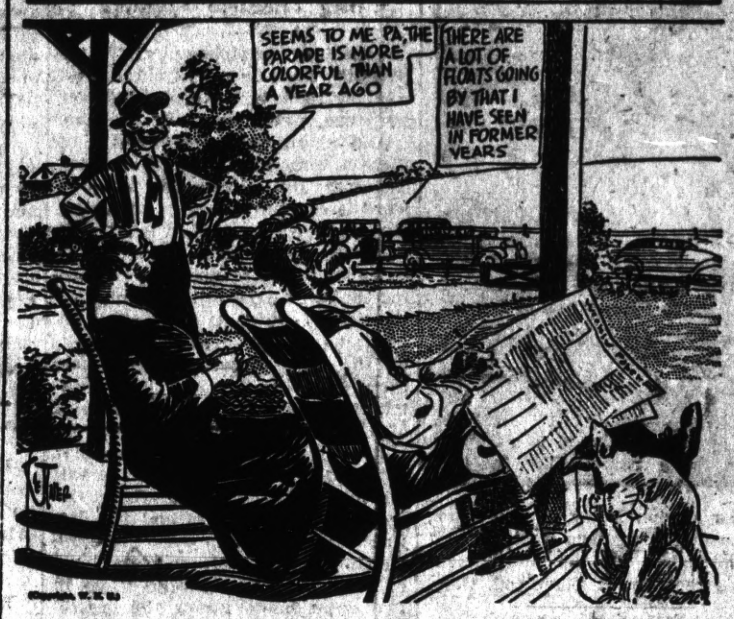
• • •

NO ONE SHOULD be deluded by the delirious Republican cheers over the Rhode Island Congressional election or by the newspaper announcement that it is 'the beginning of the end." As an analysis of the election shows, various motives entered into the result and those who were supposd to be battling for the New Deal showed only a dubious loyalty to it. The Republicans who are now so jubilant had better recall the fact that they have neither a candidate nor an alternative platform; that shrieking that the Constitution is endangered and that Mr. Roosevelt has broken his campaign promises—who was it that started this chicken in every pot business?—will not by itself defeat him.

• • •

THE VICTORY in Alberta, Canada, by the advocates of Social Credit will give the world a chance to observe realistically and without passion an economic experiment which has in the past few years of depression received almost universal attention. Social Credit does point out that money has no significance other than as a medium of exchange to be used to move real wealth, food produced and goods manufactured; it is a moot question, however, as to whether or not their plan of issuing government script or credit in proportion to the goods produced will solve the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty. Personally I do not think that Social Credit reaches

Reviewing the Labor Day Parade



The Voice of the People

HO, FOR "THRIFTY" WHO ARE THEY?

Editor Progress: Mr. Hearst gives everyone heap big pain with his slush about the "thrifty" building this country. Who built our railroads? The Swedes and the Irish, while these "thrifty" birds were making deals with the government on grants of land—every other section—so that the railroads did not cost him a penny. All the "thrifty" had to do was clip coupons and chisel away the inheritance of the people by watering stock. FAIR PLAY.

JIM AND "CAPPY"

(Continued from page One)

end Plan wherein the old folks are selected as the class to do the spending.

George F. Black, president, conducted the meeting, and Joe Baker had the new Townsend orchestra on hand. Dr. Heady spoke. And the race between Vallejo and Richmond for membership and a chicken dinner is nip and tuck. Everybody ought to join the Richmond Club and put our town over.

Now is the time for all good men to —subscribe to the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS. Q. E. D.

HEYWOOD BROUN HAS HIS "SAY"

"They talk about planned economy," said an extremely partisan G. O. P. speaker in an address over the radio quite recently, "but the only planned economy is that planned by God."

So Heywood Broun, famous columnist, remarks:

"It is interesting to know that the Republicans have at last settled on a candidate. And it is surprising, too, for I had assumed that the G. O. P. would select somebody Mr. Hearst could consistently support.

"Practically every Republican speaker has complained about the expenditures of the present administration, and specifically of the millions on the 'dole'.

"Some of us have been curious to know whether the Republicans proposed to shoot the unemployed or merely let them starve to death. I am glad to learn that the G. O. P. contemplates nothing so callous. The suggestion of the speaker as to the only proper sort of planned economy makes all things clear.

"The remedy is simple.

"Relief is to be entrusted to the ravens."

—The Critic.

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Review of the History-Making Events of Last Week

President's Program Driven Through Congress Before Adjournment—Mussolini Refuses to Abandon His Projected Conquest of Ethiopia.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

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WILL ROGERS and Wiley Post, crushed to death in Alaska when their plane fell not far from Point Barrow, were brought back to the States for burial by Joe Crosson, their intimate friend, in an airplane. And all their countrymen stood figuratively with bared and bowed heads as the broken bodies were laid to rest. None was too great and none too lowly to pay tribute in words and action to those two fine Americans, one a beloved comedian, humorist and philosopher; the other a leader among the world's aviators. They died as they had lived, adventuring gallantly, and the world is the poorer for their passing.

LEGISLATIVE action in both house and senate was fast and furious during the closing days of the session. White House pressure was freely used; filibusters were started and stopped; senators and representatives, hot and bothered, were inclined to be quarrelsome. But congress had its orders and it wanted to go home, so the administration program in general was pushed through.

Senator Guffy

One of the most controversial measures on that program, the Guffey coal bill, had been driven through the house by orders from above and threats of a strike, and when it was taken up by the senate every effort to kill it, by eliminating the tax feature, was defeated. During the debate, Senator Walter F. George, Democrat, created a sensation by denouncing the bill in these words:

"Outside of political circles, it is questionable whether there are five reputable lawyers in the United States who would declare this measure constitutional. However, that is not the worst feature of the bill. The worst feature is the defect and infirmity in the legislative program that we are developing. This nation cannot remain free and happy, if we are to legislate for groups, and beyond all of that, if groups are to legislate for themselves the end of things is not very far distant.

"That is the situation we have confronting us. And to this kind of program the Democratic party is willing to commit itself!"

Senator George was assailing the proposal to set up district boards in the coal industry, which would make their own laws as to trade practices and regulate wages and hours, allocate tonnages and fix prices, with regard only for their own interests.

"This is the type of absolutism from which we revolted to establish this Republic," he declared.

The house gave up the fight against the "death sentence" in the utilities bill and instructed its conferees to accept a "compromise" that was pretty much one-sided. This means that all holding companies beyond the second degree are to be sentenced to death by the SEC promptly after January 1, 1938. Even a holding company in the second degree would not escape unless its operations were confined to a single integrated system within a state or within contiguous states.

Both senate and house adopted a resolution making mandatory the embargo on munitions shipments to both belligerents in case of war. This was what the administration did not want, claiming it would tie the hands of the executive so that he could exert no influence toward averting war.

Senate and house accepted the conferees' report on the bill increasing the powers of TVA and legalizing that body's past actions and it was sent to the White House. The senate passed without a record vote the railway bankruptcy amendments recommended by Co-ordinator Joseph B. Eastman, which are designed to prohibit minorities from blocking reorganization plans.

JAPAN has been offended by our navy on various occasions, especially by the staging of fleet maneuvers at Hawaii and the Alaskan coast. Now the sensitive islanders should be pleased, for Assistant Secretary of the Navy Henry L. Roosevelt has announced that the fleet maneuvers of 1936 will be held at the Panama canal and on the western coast of Central America. Mr. Roosevelt and the navy high command asserted, not very convincingly, that the shift was not made in response to unofficial Japanese criticism.

IN ONE of those sudden governmental upsets frequent in Latin America, President Jose M. Velasco Ibarra of Ecuador was thrown out of office, and Antonio Pons, former premier, was put in his place. It all came about because Ibarra tried to make himself a dictator and imprisoned the leaders of the opposition. The senate objected and Ibarra closed congress. Then the army got into action. Ibarra was arrested by Col. Nicanor Solis, inspector general; the political prisoners were released, and Pons was installed as president.

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL, Democratic representative from Indiana, aroused the house to wild cheering by a downright attack on Tom Corcoran, the White House lobbyist who has been charged with trying to intimidate congressmen. Pettengill challenged the house lobby committee to summon Corcoran again and question him about his reported dealing in utility issues on the New York Stock exchange market at the same time he labored for legislation against utilities at Washington.

T. G. Corcoran

The Indiana representative thus brought out into the open the rumors whispered about the Capitol, that administration lobbyists were profiting secretly by stock market deals in securities affected by legislation for which they were exerting tremendous efforts.

Corcoran once admitted to a committee that he had been a stock market plunger and had made and lost a small fortune.

"In view of this admission," Pettengill told the house, "the rules committee, investigating lobbying, should summon Corcoran and question him as to whether he is now in the market with reference to utility stock."

WHEN Charles S. Risk, the Rhode Island lawyer who defeated the New Deal candidate for congress recently, entered the house on the arm of Representative Bertrand H. Snell, Republican leader, and was escorted to the speaker's rostrum to take the oath, he was vociferously greeted by the Republicans as a hero whose victory they thought presaged great things for the party next year. Mr. Risk took his seat on his thirty-eighth birthday.

MUSSOLINI is determined to conquer Ethiopia, and all Europe is trembling. Il duce evidently feels that his personal prestige is at stake, and to him that means the continuation of the Fascist regime. Anthony Eden and Pierre Laval offered Italy what would amount to a mandate over Haile Selassie's realm, but that was not enough, so the tripower conference in Paris was declared adjourned. The friendship between France and Italy must be ruptured. Great Britain will insist on action by the League of Nations council when it meets September 4. There is no reason to believe that the council will do more than it did in the case of Japan's seizure of Manchuria, but it seemingly will be forced to denounce Italy's action, and that would be enough to induce Mussolini to withdraw his country from the league. If and when Italy defies the league, that pretentious body, previously defied successfully by Japan and Germany, will amount to little. No wonder the statesmen of Europe are jittery.

Premier Mussolini

One high French official was quoted as saying that Europe "faces a crisis like that of 1914," and he admitted that "France must resign herself to losing Italy's friendship." Others in Paris declared that France is now solidly with England.

After Baron Pompei Aloisi had submitted the Anglo-French proposition to Mussolini and had received the duce's reply, he told Eden and Laval that his master would be satisfied with nothing less than "annexation of Ethiopia in whole or in part." Laval was furious and directly accused Mussolini of breaking a personal promise to him when he visited Rome. Eden abruptly brought the conference to a close.

Hurrying back to London, Captain Eden took part in conferences held by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and the members of his cabinet, together with various former ministers, opposition leaders and public men not in office. The situation was admittedly tense and the advice of such men as Lloyd George, Lord Cecil and Winston Churchill was sought by the government. Sir Samuel Hoare, foreign secretary, also called in representatives of all the self-governing dominions. It was understood the British government would be prepared fully to honor its obligations under the League of Nations covenant, these including the denouncing of a nation that attacks another member of the league. Of course the air in London was full of rumors of war, but officials gave assurance that Great Britain would move with the greatest caution.

Paris heard unconfirmed reports that Mussolini was trying to negotiate a secret military alliance with Hitler. If such a pact is signed it will greatly increase the chances of another general European war.

SENATOR NYE of North Dakota has spoken a word for the American investors in Cuban public works bonds, interest on which has been defaulted. The senator is chairman of a bondholders' committee, and he wrote a letter to Jose Manuel Casanova, president of the Cuban social-economic union which was in Washington as guests of the government. Mr. Nye contended that taxes had been collected for the specific purpose of meeting these obligations, and continued:

"If your government were financially unable to pay our citizens the interest that is rightfully due them on the $40,000,000 they invested in Cuban public works bonds, we should give sympathetic consideration to such a situation. But this is not the case."

FROM the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation comes a report showing that in 1934 the banks of the country wrote off their books a total of $1,181,000,000 in losses accumulated during the depression. The FDIC added that this was made possible because the banks received $650,000,000 net in new capital, which was supplied largely by the government's Reconstruction Finance corporation.

Despite these losses, the FDIC figures disclosed, the banks' assets rose from $40,6100,000,000 to $47,-370,000,000 during 1934, and that deposits increased from $31,800,000,000 to "about $39,000,000,000."

MORE than 30,000 troops of all branches of the armed service got well started in the great war maneuvers in northern New York which were organized and directed by Maj. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan. The regular army men of the first area and the National Guardsmen of New England, New York and New Jersey participated, and in muddy fields, tangled pine forests, backwoods roads, they had a series of "engagements," troops opposing troops under conditions closely simulating real warfare. An interesting feature was the use of a big fleet of taxicabs from New York city. Pine camp, just south of the Thousand Islands region, was the center of operations. Ranking high officers of the army and military attaches of foreign nations observed the maneuvers.

Major General Nolan

During the opening days the Twenty-seventh New York division commanded by Maj. Gen. William N. Haskell was pitted in the eastern portion of the 100 square mile maneuver area against the Forty-third New England division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Morris B. Payne. In the western portion of the changing terraine the Forty-fourth New Jersey and New York division, commanded by Maj. Gen. John J. Toffey, opposed the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Daniel Needham.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S cotton textile committee submitted to him certain recommendations to better the industry, and he passed them on to congress for future action. Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper heads the committee and the other members are Secretary of Labor Perkins, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and Secretary of State Hull. The report proposed that a friendly agreement be sought with Japan to limit the export of textiles to this country. The committee found that, although the Japanese imports have been small, the American market has been disturbed, with a resultant depression in the industry here.

Secretary Roper

A continuance of the labor standards provided under the NRA code was suggested. To this end it was recommended that the government supplement such voluntary efforts as are being made by administrative and legislative measures which may be feasible to aid the workers. The committee recommended against discontinuance of the cotton processing tax "during the existing economic emergency as reflected by existing price disparities." It held that tax increases the purchasing power of farmers and thus benefits workers in the cotton textile industry.

The government's cotton loan policy was found to be primarily important to the textile industry through its possible stabilizing effect.

Various technical recommendations were made by the report, but the proposition of representatives of the industry that the government virtually subsidize cotton textile exports by an allowance of 7 cents per pound was disapproved.

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL, the typical war draft dodger who has been in exile in Germany since he fled from the United States in 1917, wants to come back and has appealed to and imprisone dthe leaders of the er in chief of the American army, to permit this.

"I am open to the suggestion of Attorney General Cummings that I surrender to the Federal court in Philadelphia," he says. "I'll surrender immediately to federal authorities provided President Roosevelt orders the military to keep its hands off me until the Supreme court can decide the validity of my claim that the military has absolutely no jurisdiction in my case. This is a fair enough offer to all parties."

FLOYD B. OLSON, governor of Minnesota, on his way to Washington, stopped in Chicago long enough to tell reporters that he intended to be a candidate for the United States senate in 1936. This was interpreted as meaning that he would contest the re-election of Thomas D. Schall, the blind Republican. Governor Olson is a Farmer-Laborite, as is the other Minnesota senator, Henrik Shipstead.

MINORITY members of the senate and house committees that are investigating the doing of lobbyists started out the week with the determination to find out why Marvin H. MacIntyre, secretary to the President; Lawrence W. Robert, Jr., assistant secretary of the treasury, and Amon G. Carter of Fort Worth, publisher and friend of the Roosevelt family, were all found in the apartment at the Shoreham hotel of Bernard B. Robinson of Chicago, chief lobbyist of the Associated Gas and Electric company. Mr. Robinson himself also was there, and it was said when the door was opened at the knock of the sergeant at arms of the senate a "scene of revelry" was disclosed. For a day or two the news of this affair was not sent out from Washington by the news associations, reportedly because of the efforts of Mr. Carter to have it suppressed entirely. This, too, some of the investigators want explained.

B. B. Robinson

Republican members of the house committee also said they would insist on the interrogation of Undersecretary of the Interior Charles West and Emil Kurja, executive director of the Democratic national committee. West is reputedly the President's lobbyist and Kurja acts in a similar capacity for Postmaster General Farley, and both of them were involved with Tom Corcoran in the utilities "death sentence" lobbying that started the whole inquiry.

PROGRESS SPORTS

News of the Sport World, Mostly Local, in "The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth"

Hugh Bradly Says:

Keeler, McGraw Were little Guys

Let us, still imagining that we are back in the nineties, ask him. See how he gazes steadily at us while a knobby chin ceases moving and a wad of chewing gum gets a moment's rest.

"That's easy," Wee Willie Keeler is saying. "I just hit 'em where they ain't."

Translated into more elegant terms, Ted, this atom of a man scarcely bigger than you are now, has explained the superiority of mind over matter. Blazing speed, muscles that co-ordinated with an alert, ever inspiring mind, made one of the smallest men in the history of baseball one of the greatest batters of all time.

Along with John McGraw, another great little guy, Wee Willie changed the trend of the game, caused rules to be revised. Their ability to tap the ball out of reach of the fielders brought science into a sport that had subsisted on force.

McGraw

They proved the worth of the bunt, the sacrifice, the hit-and-run play. Before their time a foul ball did not count as a strike. McGraw and Keeler could stand at the plate and deliberately hit so many fouls that they wore down the strongest pitchers. The rule was changed.

When they joined the immortal old Orioles they were such scrawny little guys the other players laughed and said they should not be permitted to do anything more strenuous than carry bats. They fought with frantic muscles, fiery tongues and quick brains. They never ceased trying, learning. Before long the fans were fighting to get into the park to see them. For more than thirty years after that the greater little guy, McGraw, was to continue as one of the biggest men in the history of the game.

Of course, that was long ago, Ted, but don't let the boys at school tell you that similar things no longer can happen. Instead, when you return in the fall ask them about Little Bill Johnston, or Cyril Walker or Bert Metzger or Morris Ely.

• • •

Boston promoters are trying to talk Jack Sharkey into coming back to meet Jack Doyle. This is because the Massachusetts commission insists that, if Judith Allen's husband performs in the Hub, it must be against local talent. It also is because Dick Madden and Jack McCarthy, the only active Boston heavyweights available, are not good drawing cards.

© New York Post—WNU Service.

35,000 TO WATCH CHICAGO FOOTBALL GAME TO BE HELD TONIGHT

First kickoff in 1935 football season will be tonight at Chicago, when the All-Americans, coached in part by Edward "Slip" Madigan, St. Mary's mentor, will clash with the Chicago Bears, coached in part by Harold "Red" Grange. Last year the teams battled to a scoreless tie, and 35,000 will watch tonight's contest.

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Visitors from the hinterland to Point Richmond often marvel at the fact that we seem so unappreciative of the marvelous boating facilities of our vicinity. We are very proud then of our marine enthusiasts such as Dr. Abbey, Charles Hess, Dan Keller, "M.J." (who is Martin Jansoone), the late Dr. Francis Kent, and others who do so well in aquatic endeavor.

BANK OF AMERICA USES FEDERAL HOUSING PLAN

More than ten million dollars have been poured into the channels of retail trade the past year by the Bank of America, under the modernization credit plan of the National Housing Act, it was revealed this week when the bank made its 25,000th modernization loan.

The occasion, marking the first anniversary of the Federal Housing Administration in Northern California, took Clifford C. Anglim, district director, and other officals of the Housing Administration to the office of A. P. Giannini, chairman of the board of Bank of Italy, to personally congratulate him and his staff for the prominent part played in publicizing the Better Housing program.

"It is a pleasure to convey to you personally the thanks and appreciation of the Federal Housing Administration for loyal support of our program by Bank of America," Anglim said. "This splendid cooperation is a commendable public service and a highly important factor contributing to the success of Better Housing, not only in California but throughout the nation."

Bank of America loans under the National Housing Act to July 1 totaled more than $10,555,000. Giannini declared, of which 55 per cent has been paid for labor directly engaged in building repairing and modernizing California homes.

"These loans have provided workmen 5,805,250 man hours of employment," Giannini said. "Results have justified our efforts and attest public approval of this simple system of low cost financing. We shall continue to carry on the program launched a year ago, appreciative of the fact that every dollar invested in home building and modernization means not only better housing and higher standards of living, but creates employment, builds payrolls, and lightens the burden of relief rolls."

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S'MATTER POP

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WNU Service

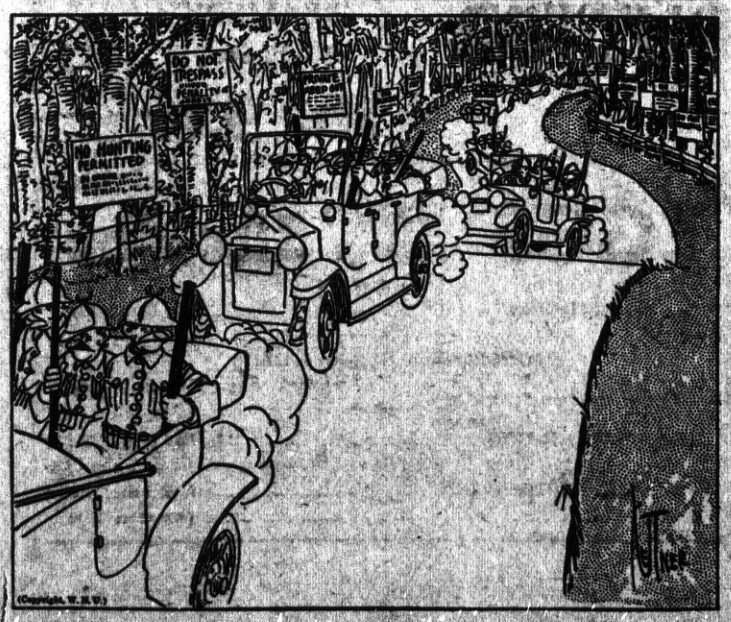
SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughroe

No Mourners

Events in the Lives of Little Men

Along the Concrete



Eye to Color

An attractive young movie actress was driving her new car when something went wrong with the engine. The traffic light changed from green to red and back to green and still she could not get the car to budge. The traffic cop came up.

"What's the matter, Miss?" he inquired. "Ain't we got colors you like?"

Facing Competition

"Are you going to speak over the radio?"

"I am," answered Senator Sorghum. "I am aware of art competition. But I am still confident that my ideas on the welfare of the nation are as important as toothpaste or shaving cream."

A New Name Now

Mrs. Cassidy—My husband calls a spade a spade.

Mrs. Garner—So did mine—until he took one and started to spade up the garden and it broke in two.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Take Another Look

Suspect—Well, boy, what are you looking at me like that for?

Zealous Boy Scout (on guard at a reservoir)—Please, sir, we're looking for a foreign gentleman with 50 tons of chemicals concealed on his person.—Pearson's Weekly.

Unreasonable

Lem Higgins—What's Lovinia up to now, Ma? I just seen her spreading mud all over her face.

Mrs. Higgins—Why that's beauty clay she's puttin' on to make her look pretty.

Speed Essential

Mother—It says here in the paper that they have found a sheep in the Himalaya mountains that can run 40 miles an hour.

Father—Well, it would take a lamb like that to keep up with Mary nowadays.

Idolatry

"Are you an idol of the masses?"

"I hope not," answered Senator Sorghum. "An idol is supposed to be a piece of statuary that can't say an intelligent word in his own defense."

TRIPLE SPECIAL COUPON

The New Dancing Poems Novel & Comedy Tap Acrobatic Rythm Dances **75c**

Each lesson includes instructor in all three styles. The Greatest Triple Special ever offered by any studio! Register at Studio 4 P. M., Wednesday, September 4th.

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The Native Daughters held a very successful whist party in the beautiful garden of Mrs. Richard Spiersch on Tuesday afternoon. A large crowd assembled for the occasion, which was a wonderful success as the day was balmy and fair, and setting ideal in every way, with many prizes awarded to the higher scores. Mrs. Spiersch, the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Gertrude and Richard Peasch and Mrs. Lena Fuedner, served light refreshments.

The door prize was awarded to Mrs. John Fisi, while high score holders receiving awards were Mesdames Thomas Kenny, Anna Bowen, Marie Ceridono, Gertrude Spiersch, Louise Wilson, Carrie Spiersch, Robert Jenkins, Maud Arnold, George Curry and James O'Hara, and Miss Winifred Schmidt.

What Next??

By S. C. Masterson, Jr.

(Continued from Editorial Page)

the heart of our difficulties but certainly it is with extreme pleasure I note that a large majority of people in a rather large stretch of country awaken to the fact that our troubles are man-made and must be settled by man and that it is time to start on rocky road to find the way out even if with such a dubious vehicle as Social Credit.

CARD OF THANKS

Editor Progress: On behalf of the Eagles' Picnic Committee we wish to thank you for the publicity shown to our organization at the very successful picnic last Sunday at Alvarado Park. Sincerely, BEN FRAINA, chairman.

WASHINGTON MARKET

34 Washington Avenue

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WE ARE ALWAYS OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS UNTIL NOON.

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

BELL PEPPERS	3 lbs. for 10c
LETTUCE—Large, Solid	3 for 5c
CUCUMBERS	Each 5c
CELERY—Nice and Crisp	Each 5c
PIPPIN APPLES	7 lbs. for 19c
POTATOES—Fancy	Box 35c
ALL KINDS OF MACARONI, SEMOLINA	Lb. 9c

BUTTER—EGGS

See Our Windows for Special Prices

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I. X. L. RAVIOLI

I. X. L. CHILI CON CARNE—Your Chice

2 cans for 17c

POST BRAN FLAKES, a pkg.	10c
BAKER'S COCOANUT, ¼-lb. pkgs., each	9c
SANKA COFFEE, 1-lb. cans, each	40c
WHITE KING SOAP POWDER, large pkg., each	31c
WHITE KING TOILET SOAP, 3 bars for	14c
WELLMAN VACUUM COFFEE, 1 lb.	27c
WELLMAN VACUUM COFFEE, 2 lb.	49c
CRAB—Wellman Japanese or American, ½-lb. cans, ea.	25c
SHRIMP—Wellman Fancy Wet or Dry Pack—1-lb. cans, each	14c
TUNA—Silver Thistle, ¼ size	9c
TUNA—Silver Thistle, ½ size	13c
WELLMAN FANCY PEACHES—No. 1 tall cans. Sliced or halves, 2 for	25c
GRAPEFRUIT—Wellman Fancy, No. 2 cans, each	14c
WELLMAN SPINACH, No. 2½ cans, each	13c
SILVER THISTLE or NEIGHBORHOOD CORN—No. 2 cans, each	14c
WELLMAN FANCY PERFECTION PEAS—No. 1 cans, each	10c
WELLMAN SOLID PACK TOMATOES, No. 2! cans, ea.	15c
STANDARD TOMATOES, No. 2½ cans, each	9c
HOT SAUCE, 3 cans for	10c
JAM—2-lb. jars, Silver Thistle, each	24c
PREPARED MUSTARD—Wellman, wine glasses, each	9c
PIMENTOES, 4-oz. cans, each	8c
BISQUICK, a large pkg., each	29c
SUGAR, powdered, 1-lb. pkg., each	7c
SUGAR, brown, 1-lb. pkg., each	7c
MILK, tall cans, each	5¼c
SMALL WHITE BEANS, 5 lbs. for	23c
PORK & BEANS—Van Camp's, 16-oz. cans, each	5c

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Extra Specials

MJB Coffee

1 lb. can 28c

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FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

POTATOES—U. S. No. 1	34-lb. box 35c
ORANGES—Sweet, Juicy	each 1c
GRAPEFRUIT—100 Size	3 for 10c
APPLES—Extra Fancy Gravenstein	3 for 10c
WATERMELON—On Ice, Large Ripe	each 15c
LETTUCE—Extra Large, Solid	2 for 5c
BELL PEPPERS—Fine for Stuffing	3 lbs. 10c
SQUASH—Summer or Italian, fresh from garden,	2 lbs. 5c
CUCUMBERS	each 1c

For Your Sunday Dinner Try a Baby Beef Steak or Roast or a Milk-Fed Chicken or Fryer

GOLDEN STATE MILK—Tall cans	2 for 11c
SHORTENING—1-lb. pkgs.	2 for 25c
SUGAR—10-lb. Cloth Bag—See Our Window for Special Price.	
MALTED MILK—IGA Chocolate	4-oz. pkg. 9c
TEA—Peak Mint Flavored	¼-lb. pkg. 23c
IGA PICKLES—Sweet, Sour or Dill	6-oz. bottle 9c
IGA BAKING CHOCOLATE	½-lb. cake 12c
IGA CAKE FLOUR	2¼-lb. pkg. 23c
IGA SLICED PINEAPPLE	No. 1 flat cans, 2 for 17c
IGA FRUIT SALAD	No. 2½ can 23c
TRUPAK MINCED CLAMS	No. ½ can 17c
IG SANDWICH SPREAD	8-oz. can 8c
IGA MARSHMALLOWS	1-lb. cello pkg. 17c
IGA ROLLED OATS	20-oz. pkg. 9c
SHOE CLEANER—Pure White—8-oz. bottle, 10c, 8-oz.	25c
IGA GROUND CHOCOLATE	1-lb. can 19c

OTHER FINE VALUES

POST TOASTIES	2 pkgs. 15c
CALUMET BAKING POWDER	1-lb. can 23c
SUPER SUDS	2 small pkgs. 21c
COFFEE—Blue "G"	1-lb. pkg. 21c
IGA MACARONI or SPAGHETTI—14-oz. cello pkgs.	2 for 25c
IGA TUNA FISH	No. ½ cans, 2 for 25c
RIPPLED WHEAT	2 pkgs. 19c

BUTTER CREAMERY 92 Score **1b. 31c**

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EGGS FRESH LARGE In a Carton **32c doz.**

Fresh Medium ..... Doz. 30c

(Friday and Saturday Only)

IGA SOAP GRAINS	2½-lb. pkg. 29c
Buy One 2½-lb. Pkg. and Receive One 5-oz. Pkg. Free	
TRUPAK KIRBY CORN	No. 2 can 15c
DRANO	per can 20c